Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.
Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio.*
Bian. Gamouth I am the ground of all accord:
A re, to plead *Hortenſio's* paſſion:
Beeme, Bianca take him for thy Lord
C faut, that loues with all affection:
D ſol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
Ela mi, ſhow pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt, I am not ſo nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Nicke. Miſtreſſe your father prayes you leaue your bookes,
And helpe to dreſſe your ſiſters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell ſweete maſters both, I muſt be gon.
Luc. Faith Miſtreſſe then I haue no cauſe to ſtay.
Hor. But I haue cauſe to pry into this pedant,
Me thinkes he lookes as though he was in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be ſo humble
To caſt thy wandring eies on euery ſtale:
Seize thee that Liſt, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married,
And yet we heare not of our ſonne in Law:
What will be ſaid, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What ſaies *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?
Kate. No ſhame but mine: I muſt forſooth be forſt
To giue my hand oppos'd againſt my heare
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby full of ſpleene,
Who woo'd in haſte, and meanes to wed at leiſure

I told you I, he was a frantic
Hiding his bitter ieſts in blunt
And to be noted for a merry m
Hee'll wooe a thouſand, point
Make friends, inuite, and proc
Yet neuer meanes to wed whe
Now muſt the world point at
And ſay, loe, there is mad *Pet*
If it would pleaſe him come a
Tra. Patience good *Kathe*
Vpon my life *Petruchio* mean
What euer fortune ſtayes him
Though he be blunt, I knew h
Though he be merry, yet with
Kate. Would *Katherine* h

Bap. Go girle, I cannot bla
For ſuch an iniurie would vexe
Much more a ſhrew of impatien

Enter Biondell

Bion. Maſter, maſter, new
heard of,
Bap. Is it new and old too
Bion. Why, is it not newes
Bap. Is he come?
Bion. Why no ſir?
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is comming.
Bap. When will he be heer
Bion. When he ſtands where
Tra. But ſay, what to thine
Bion Why *Petruchio* is co
ie kin, a paire of old breeches t
haue beene candle-caſes, one b
ſword tane out of the Towne
chapeleſſe: with two broken po
mothy ſaddle, and ſtirrops of no
glanders, and like to moſe in th
paſſe, infected with the faſhion

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12